Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Atherton st

VOL. LXVIII. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, MARCH 28, 1918 No. 13.

Let thy day be to the night
A letter of good tidings! Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up—that when they awake
Shake off the dew and soar.

—Jean Ingelow.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered at post office in San Francisco as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

WHY WE BELIEVE OUR ARTICLES CONCERNING THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA AND ITS RELATION TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA ARE OF CONSIDERABLE VALUE.

Perhaps many of the readers of The Pacific have not yet found time to read the articles on the College of California and its Relation to the University of California. We believe that every person interested in Church and State, in Religion and Education, should read these articles; and not only read them, but preserve them. Incidentally they will correct many incorrect statements made in newspapers, magazines and in books, and will give credit where credit should be given—to the forces that laid here in the early years the foundations on which alone any enduring structures can be built.

The Rev. Dr. Jonathan Edwards of Spokane, Washington, says in his "Inland Empire Notes" in The Pacific this week:

"The Editor's article on 'The Indebtedness of the University of California to Pioneer Ministers,' in the last issue of The Pacific, is great as well as deserving. The article of last week and those to follow should be printed in pamphlet form—if not in a more permanent form. The names and deeds of the heroic pioneers—the men of vision—should be perpetuated."

That eminent jurist of the latter part of the nineteenth century, Thomas Cooley of the Supreme Court of Michigan, writer of books on law that will live as long as there shall be any American commonwealth, tells in his history of Michigan, in the "American Commonwealth" series, of the stamp which John D. Pierce, a Congregational Home Missionary, commissioned for work in the Territory of Michigan in 1831, put on the educational system of Michigan. When Mr. Pierce went to the Territory of Michigan as a home missionary he and General Crary, who was a little later the first representative in Congress for that state, were drawn together because of a common interest in education. In the constitutional convention, General Crary brought it about that education was made an independent department in the state government. Then he secured the appointment of John D. Pierce as first superintendent of public instruction. The education plan for the State of Michigan formulated by Mr. Pierce, was so wisely and comprehensively drawn, and withal so simple, that it stands today without radical change. The men who laid the foundations for education in Michigan, among whom the home Missionary Pierce was a leader, were men of vision. Judge Cooley's testimony is "its founders took position in advance of the thought of their day," "that no commonwealth in the world makes provision more broad, complete or thorough," and that newer states of the Union "in framing their educational systems have been glad to follow the example of Michigan, and have had fruitful and satisfactory success in proportion as they have adhered to it."

It is a matter of history also that the Rev. Dr. Atkinson, the pioneer pastor and Home Missionary Superintendent in Oregon, drafted the first school law for that State, and that it stands today unchanged except with such elaborations as the growth of the State have made necessary.

By the time we are through with what we shall set forth concerning the men who had to do with the founding and upbuilding of the College of California and the passing of the same over to the State, we are of opinion that all who read the articles will say that a needed service has been rendered in the preparation and publication of them.

It will be realized also that not enough credit has ever been given to the men who worked many years so devotedly for the College of California—making it what it was for the humanistic training, and sending it thus established on down through the decades for the good of the State, the Nation and the World.

In 1910 when President Wheeler conferred on Dr. Willey the degree of doctor of laws, he spoke of him as "the foremost benefactor of Calfornia, first citizen of the State." Others had prominent part in the great work President Wheeler had in mind at that time—as Dr. Willey always testified—and it is our aim to set this forth and enthrone in the hearts of the people of California today several worthy men of that early period.

WHEN COMPETITION IS FAIR.

By the Rev. Charles Stelzle.

Never had a fair show? Some fellow in the shop always working against you? The foreman has it in for you? Too bad. But here—maybe they are more than half right. Possibly you've deserved all that came to you. Honestly—have you always given the other fellow a square deal? Perhaps so—but here's a suggestion for you: quit coddling yourself—it never helped a man to think that he was being terribly abused, whether he was right or wrong.

You are quite welcome to all the notions that you can carry concerning social and economic reform—I'll not quarrel with you about these. You may talk about them and think about them all you please. But won't you remember this, no matter what the coming social system may be, it will be the personal equation that will determine the place that you are to occupy in the new dispensation. There will be pretty nearly the same struggle for places of power and influence, although the motive may be different. It's important then, isn't it, to get ready for whatever may be coming down the pike in the new order of things?

First of all fit yourself, personally, to think clearly and definitely by cutting out every habit that befuddles your brain. Then equip yourself by hard study, even though it involves great sacrifice, to master your own job in all of its details, doing it better than it has ever been done before. For it's the chap who crowds over his present job that is most likely to pick the bigger one. This sort of thing will count so long as the world shall last. It is the kind of competition that will never be driven out by any social

system. It is fundamental in the law of human progress. If any man tells you that there's no need to enlarge your outlook, that there's no necessity to become more proficient in your daily work, he's either a fool or a liar; in any case, he's a mighty unsafe leader.

SPIRITUAL DEFECTIVES.

By Charles L. Kloss, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.

In one of the big European cities it was discovered recently that the limbs of the children were singularly defective. Instead of solid bone, firm and strong, there was pliant gristle. Scientists traced the cause to bad water. It lacked the lime essential to the making of good bone.

There are many pulpy church members. A soft diet, lacking in solid nutrition, induces spineless, nerveless, flabby, limp, flaccid specimens.

We do not need all the diet of the Puritans, but there were some things in their daily menu that we must adopt if we are to grow men who can do the work of today.

The Sababth privileges of rest, the fellowship in worship and prayer, the high significance of the Holy Communion, and private devotions, are all means of grace. How shall we escape being sickly, weak, defective, if we neglect so great opportunities?

"Apart from Me ye can do nothing." Christ says again, "He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit."

It is man's greatest privilege to have the abundant life, to be filled with the spirit. The veneer of occasional religious performance is not enough. To spray the soul with a whitewash of perfunctory attendance at a meeting is caricature. Joy, enthusiasm, soul-health, good deeds, are the credentials of the genuine.

A WEEK AT CAMP FREMONT.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have just spent a week at Camp Fremont in special work for the War Work Council of the Army "Y" and I was wondering if your readers would be interested to know what I found there? Especially as so many of our boys are at some camp, and so many here at home suported the "Y" campaign so splendidly.

We have seven Army "Y" units at Fremont. These with the fine large "K of C" Hall are doing great work for the soldiers, and there is good co-operation between them.* No concerts or entertainers can come into camp without the "O. K." of one or the other of them, in fact my first official duty was to act as a preview judge on a darky Jazz Band, and they wefe all right too! I wish you could have the fun of being on duty at the desk in one of our Units! All the afternoon the building has been crowded, then off they went for "Chow," its hardly after 6 o'clock and yet the boys are coming in fast. That was one thng that I noticed, the early hour when the programs begin. They want to buy a money order, some stamps, get a libary book, get the basket ball, a game of chess or checkers etc. each moment something different. Here is a lonely chap that is day dreaming, scores of them are writing home from 500 to 600 letters a day from Unit No. 1! Then the somewhat comfortable benches fill up, and we have the Jazz Band, or Linberger The Strong Man, the movies, or some straight forward talk, and so it goes night after night from 900 to 2000 men in the building each day and night. You meet all nationalities and class and creeds, but no question is ever asked as to that, simply: "What can we do to help you?" And what opportunities there are for help! That lad over there hasn't heard from home for a long time; and he literally radiates blueness, but a cheery talk and a half hour wth the gramophone sends him off with a grin! Where would he go were there no "Y"? Who knows! At any rate he goes back to his tent after an evening at the "Y" and to a healthy restful sleep which otherwise he might not have had.

Unit No. 1, is the oldest of our buildings there and the most popular as it is the most centrally situated. Last month 48,750 men used the building and sent home 15,427 letters; took to their tents 29,475 pieces of reading matter and 1,385 books from the library. These books are sent out to the different Units from the A. L. A. building, and a fine place it is. If any of you have any extra books, by all means leave them at the library this week. The largest order ever placed for athletic goods was lately given by our War Work Council, $120,000. The order included bats, baseballs, 2 carloads of baseball bats, the order cleaned out the market of ping pong games, 2,600 for the quarinterned and convalescent men. We have also contracted for the entire output of a candy factory to supply the sweet tooth of the soldiers. I think I must have sold nearly 200 pieces of one kind of candy. This is sold at just enough to cover exact cost, not counting clerks hire. And it means a good deal after a long chilly spell at "Sentry" to be able to come into the army "Y" canteen and get some hot coffee and "pie like Mother made."

One night I asked all who had not been born in this country to raise their hands, and fully 60 or more so expressed themselves, while in the signing the war roll cards one night at least a dozen, possibly more, different denominations were indicated. These cards simply say that as the soldier has pledged loyalty to his country and will be true, so he will be true to God and the great eternal cardinal truths. These cards are sent to our headquarters and from there a letter is sent the signer. Usually a little Army "Y" Testament is given out to the one signing. We gave out 166 such copes at Unit No. 1 last month. The boys come and ask for the testaments themselves when they know we have them there. The mottoes on the walls are suggestive. Here is a picture of a Mother bidding her son goodby, followed by "EMBRACE that opportunity and send her a letter" or "SMILE Boys, it sounds good," or "if you must swear, WHISTLE, it sounds better."

Here is the way one of our buildings was opened. Invocation by a Catholic priest, responsive reading led by a Presbyterian, Scripture by the Rector of a nearby Episcopal Church and benediction by a Jewsh Rabbi—thus fittingly inaugurating the use of a structure which is intended to serve all creeds represented at Camp. This was at Camp Upton.

I have visited now four of our Army Camps, and expect to visit the 5 or 6 around San Diego and Kearny next month, and I have come back with a new sense of the reality of religion, and the fact that a fellow must talk about religious things in the language of reality. And this also, that the boys in camp have no interest in, or sympathy for, denominational rivalry, but they do have an intense interest in religion, and they firmly believe that brotherhood is a hood that can be worn. No man need apologize for his religious faith, but in these days in which we are living that man who has no religion is the man to apologize and is the one to be pitied. Those are the words of a man in the service, not mine, but I think he hit it.

I returned with this feeling also, that if I had a boy old enough to be in the service I'd feel as safe with him in camp under present conditions as in civil life.

You who contributed to the "Y" or "K. C." fund can feel that your money is doing yeoman service in helping keep up the MORALE of the troops, and without that the

army is no good. It is a great work, and the most we can do for our boys is all too little.

PARSON GEORGE,
Chairman Army "Y" work Contra Costa County.

THE STORY OF THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA.

Article III.

The Relation of the Different Denominations to the College.

The article in The Pacific for March 14th on the College of California as the nucleus of the University of California showed that the Academy, which was started in 1853, out of which sprang the College in 1855, was due to the initiative of the Congregational Association of California and the Presbytery of San Francisco in joint meeting in the Congregational Church in the little mountain town of Nevada in May, 1853.

The Presbytery of San Francisco was a New School Presbyterian organization—a body in which one Congregational pastor had membership—being one of the three original members—and with which other Congregationalists had early connection as associate members until the Congregational Association was organized in May, 1852.

New School Presbytery, Old School Presbytery, Congregational Association.

On the 20th of May, 1849, the New School General Assembly, in session in Philadelphia, took action looking toward the organization of the Presbytery of San Francisco, detaching T. Dwight Hunt from the Presbytery of Genessee; J. W. Douglass from the Third Presbytery of New York, and S. H. Willey from the Fourth Presbytery. This action provided for the holding of the first meeting of the Presbytery of San Francisco on the 3rd of October, 1849, or at the most convenient date. T. Dwight Hunt was appointed to open the meeting with a sermon. On the 21st of September, 1849, a preliminary meeting was held in Monterey, and on the 17th of October formal opening was made in San Francisco. There were no New School Presbyterian churches in existence in California at that date. No Elders, therefore, were in attendance at that first meeting. The membership and attendance were wholly ministerial—T. Dwight Hunt, the pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco; S. H. Willey, who was at that time carrying on an undenominational work in Monterey; J. W. Douglass, pastor of what was called the Independent Presbyterian Church at San Jose, a church composed in the main of Congregationalists, and which remained independent long time, not seeking connection with the Presbytery for nearly twenty years thereafter. Mr. Douglass reported at that first meeting of the Presbytery the organization of this independent church, but being independent it did not seek representation, nor could it have been secured if it had been sought.

The Old School Presbyterian General Assembly, in session in Pittsburg on May 29, 1849, authorized the formation of the Presbytery of California, and it was organized in Benicia on the 20th of February, 1850, the first members thereof being the Revs. Sylvester Woodbridge, Albert Williams, and James A. Woods, pastors in Benicia, San Francisco, and Stockton.

How many of the New School Presbyterians who formed in 1849 the Presbytery of San Francisco were, originally, Congregationalists, we do not know. Mr. Willey had been a member of a Congregational church in his native New England town and also while at Dartmouth. While he was at Union Seminary he was a member of a New School church. Hunt and Douglass were Yale graduates. When Mr. Willey left Monterey and in 1850 led in the organization of a church in San Francisco, it was a New School Presbyterian Church for the reason that the majority proposing to unite were Presbyterians, and "all cordially agreed that the church should be Presbyterian." Two of the four persons uniting in formal petition to be organized into a church were Presbyterians; one was a Congregationalist, and one was a United Presbyterian. A few months later Mr. David N. Hawley, one of the charter members of the First Congregational Church, united by letter. Mr. Willey has written in his history of this church, Howard Presbyterian: "He united with us from purely missionary motives. He was sorely needed in the First Congregational Church—then composed of only a handful of young men. But we were so much fewer, and were just trying to begin in a remote part of the city, that he consented to join us; and with much reluctance his associates consented that he should do so."

Mr. Hawley remained with the church for forty-five years, returning to the First Congregational Church only a short time before it celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in 1899. Long before that, Mr. Willey was with the Church of his early years in New England, returning thereto, when in 1870 he entered on a long-time pastorate with the First Congregational Church of Santa Cruz, and remaining in that denominational connection until he passed into the life beyond forty-five years thereafter.

Although New School and Old School Presbyteries were organized in California late in 1849 and early in 1850, and although there were as many Congregational ministers and churches as there were of either of these other denominations, the years 1850 and 1851 and part of the year 1852 passed away without the organization of any Congregational Association.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century only loose ties bound the Congregational churches together. There was no national body such as the general assemblies of the Old School and New School Presbyterian Churches. And outside of New England there were but few Associations. All over the western country Congregational ministers were members of presbyteries; and many Congregational churches were under the care of the presbyteries.

Long time was it believed by many that the Congregational polity was not suited to the West—that the Hudson River would have to be its boundary; that only the centralized form of church government would answer beyond that. It was the custom of the American Education Society in the early part of the century to recommend all young ministers going from New England into the territory covered by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to give up Congregationalism and unite with a presbytery. Even many of the churches advised their members who emigrated to the newer sections of the country to become Presbyterians.

At the time when church foundations began to be laid in California, many Congregationalists realized the danger to Congregationalism in such a course, and steps were being taken to correct it. It was not, however, until the Albany Convention in 1852 that national action was taken.

When the Presbytery of San Francisco was in session in Marysville in May, 1852, the associate members, who had never given up Congregational standing, decided in separate meeting to organize an Association. T. Dwight Hunt, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, a member of the presbytery, advised against it, but entered into membership therein nevertheless as soon as it was organized. The fact that Mr. Hunt was not a

leader in the movement to organize an Association indicates the ways of Congregationalism at that time, due to the erroneous ideas, back in New England in the early decades of the nineteenth century as to the adaptability of Congregationalism to the West. He had been pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco from its organization in July, 1849, and the regularly installed pastor from June 26, 1850—almost two years before the Association was formed.

That stanch Presbyterian, the Rev. Albert Williams, the first pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, told, in some reminiscences published in 1879, of a surprise which he had in 1850: "The first Congregational Council I was unexpectedly called to take part in met in San Francisco, June 26, 1850, for the installation of the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt over the First Congregational Church. Besides, there were present the Rev. J. A. Benton and the Rev. S. H. Willey—one Congregationalist and two Presbyterians to constitute a Presbyterian clergyman a Congregational pastor!"

The Fellowship of Those Early Years.

Writing in 1867 concerning the organization of the Association in 1852, the Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Benton, pastor at that time of the Plymouth Church at San Francisco, said: "And at this point of time, when the real organized life of this Association began, there was no disruption, no severing of ties, no going apart except in love and mutual confidence. None of those who originally composed this Association, with a single exception, were at the time in any other ecclesiastical relations; nor did any of the subsequent members for several years come from any but Congregational sources. And all the intercourse of the members of this original Association with the members of the Presbytery of San Francisco, and of other contemporaneous ecclesiastical bodies of the earlier years, was harmonious, close, sweet, and delightful. The memory of those years, and of those refreshing gatherings, is to us all exceedingly precious."

In his "History of Howard Presbyterian Church, published in 1900, Dr. Willey remarked: "Many things could not have been undertaken at that early day with any prospect of success had it not been for the joint action of the Presbyterian (New School) and Congregational churches—together with very many able members of the Old School Presbyterian churches."

Writing of that meeting in Nevada when the action was taken which soon brought the Academy into existence, Dr. Willey said: "The very air seemed to be electrified with the spirit of enterprise. . . . We felt equal to anything. Forenoons the denominations met apart, and each did its separate business. Afternoons and evenings we spent together, laying plans for work common to both denominations, such as Bible and tract distribution, Sabbath observance, temperance, good morals, but especially education. . . . All these things we could set on foot with a good prospect of success because of our united action, with so many widely separated churches co-operating, and with The Pacific as a medium of communication, enabling us to act together."

Such joint meetings and such joint action by Congregationalists and New School Presbyterians were continued down to the time when the Old School and New School churches came together in 1870. And there was thus afforded, wrote Dr. Willey, "a steady support to good institutions and salutary influences that have continued to prevail and have done a great deal toward making this a Christian State."

In the Interest of Historical Accuracy.

There were, accordingly, in California at the time when the College of California was instituted these two Presbyterian ecclesiastical bodies and this Congregational Association.

Inasmuch as there have been for many years going about many incorrect statements concerning the relation of the churches to the College of California, especially the Presbyterian and the Congregational, it is our aim in this series of articles, in the interest of historical accuracy, to set down the facts.

All these New England bred men who came here in 1849 and 1850 talked college from the time of their arrival; but, as Dr. Willey once said, after the effort to establish a college at San Jose failed, they were busy with their churches, laying the foundations thereof, and in an effort to get common schools established, and no effort for a college was made again for some time. They encouraged every sign of a movement for a college; were ready to hope with every ambitious teacher in every private school that his work so lowly commenced might flower into a great university; but none had any profound impression that the time had come to lay the foundations of such an institution until the Rev. Henry Durant, the Massachusetts Congregational minister, arrived in one of the early months of 1853.

At that joint meeting of Association and Presbytery in May, 1853, a committee, consisting of the Revs. S. H. Willey, J. A. Benton, T. D. Hunt, and S. B. Bell, was appointed to co-operate with Mr. Durant in establishing in Oakland an academy, in which instruction was to begin the following month. Mr. Willey was pastor of Howard Presbyterian Church, San Francisco; Mr. Benton was pastor of the Congregational Church at Sacramento; Mr. Hunt was pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco; Mr. Bell was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland. A board of trustees was selected at an early date, and the Academy was started on its career.

In some reminiscences in The Pacific in 1914 the Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond told of an experience when these trustees were being selected:

"We pastors, to the number of twelve or fifteen, were gathered to make a beginning towards the planting of a Christian college; as it proved, the very one which developed at length as the College of California, was transferred to the state, and is now the University of California. We were selecting a number of Christian men—mainly laymen, I believe—to constitute its first board of trustees; and I looked on, somewhat amused at the carefulness exercised to have exactly one-half of them Presbyterians and one-half Congregationalists. Major Eaton, U. S. A., one of God's noblemen, both by nature and by grace, an elder in Howard Presbyterian Church, was named as a Presbyterian. He had been my chief counsellor and helper in my work and had said to me more than once: 'It seems strange that, though I am a Congregationalist in principle and preference, it seems always to fall to my lot to work in Presbyterian churches.' So, when my Presbyterian brethren were putting him forward as one of their representatives, I said, as a piece of pleasantry, 'Look out, you Presbyterians! Major Eaton is a Congregationalist!' "

Dr. Willey tactfully came forward with some remarks on Union as contrasted with Unity, which Dr. Pond stated in his reminiscence were from that time inwrought into the very texture of his thought—that "the unity of the Spirit makes the bond of peace a very easy and gladsome bondage, makes union that needs no diplomatic arrangements, no careful contracts and mutual watchfulness necessary."

The College Chartered.

Reserving for another article some interesting incidents and valuable deails in the life of the Academy, we go on now to the time in 1855 when it being evident that the

Academy being unable to meet the needs much longer the College of California was chartered.

On the 13th of April 1855 an application for a charter was filed at Sacramento. This application was signed by the following named supporters of the institution of learning which was therein mentioned as "the seminary of learning now of two years' existence in the City of Oakland": John Carpenter, John C. Hayes, Thomas P. Johnson, J. A. Freanor, H. S. Foote, Joseph C. Palmer, F. W. Page, Henry Haight, Robert Simson, A. W. Chittenden, Theodore Payne, J. A. Benton, Sherman Day, G. A. Swezy, Samuel B. Bell.

The following named men were suggested as suitable persons to act as trustees and were so designated by the State Board of Education: Frederick Billings, Sherman Day, S. H. Willey, T. Dwight Hunt, Mark Brumagin, Edward B. Walsworth, Edward McLean, Joseph A. Benton, Henry Durant, Francis W. Page, Robert Simson, A. H. Wilder, Samuel B. Bell.

At the time when the College was incorporated Mr. Willey who was made one of the trustees was on a vacation in the East which extended through the remaining months of that year, the latter part of which was given to the solicitation funds for the College. In a statement which was prepared by him for use in that effort there was a sketch of the College work from its beginning in the Academy in June 1853 up to the latter part of 1855, in which it was said: The school has had a steadily increasing patronage till now it has reached an established character, and enjoys a well known and enviable reputation." Mention was made of a debt of $5,000 incurred in building, and it was remarked: "To those who are familiar with the circumstances the wonder is, not that there has been a debt incurred, but that so much property has been secured toward founding the institution encumbered with a debt no larger." In that connection it was stated: "It should be said that all that has been done in this enterprise—with the exception of the agency of one man for a limited time—has ben done by members of the ministerial bodies above named, in such opportunities as they could make for the work in the midst of constant and wearing occupation."

The ministerial bodies that had been named by Mr. Willey in a preceding paragraph were the Congregational Association and the Presbytery of San Francisco, the New School Presbyterian pioneer organization.

What Religious Bodies Worked for the Upbuilding of the College and What Bodies Did Not so Work.

Although the Academy owed its inception to Congregationalists and New School Presbyterians, and was fostered by them as herein shown by the quotation from Mr. Willey's circular statement, until it developed into the College, the idea and plan from the beginning were for an institution in the upbuilding of which all evangelical religious bodies could heartily co-operate. But as to this co-operation there was disappointment. The Methodist Episcopal Church already had its college at Santa Clara, the Methodist Church, South, began soon to lay the foundations of another, as did also the Cumberland Presbyterans and other denominations, and there was never a time when there were not Old School Presbyterians, eagerly looking forward to a day when they could lay the foundations of a school that would develop into a college or university so organized as to be always governed and directed Presbyterially.

It is stated in The Pacfic Expositor, a monthly, edited in 1859 and 1860 by the Rev. Dr. W. A. Scott, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco: "Ever since 1849 the Presbyterian Board of Education has been desirous of doing something for the cause of sound learning on this coast. The presbytery and the synod at almost every meeting since their organization have had the subject under consideration and have passed resolutions in favor of trying to establish institutions of learning within our bounds.'

This Pacific Expositor editorial for November 1859 furnishes information of the fact that three years before the synod had appointed a board to that end; that for various reasons nothing had been done; that inasmuch as synod had not met for want of a quorum, the subject had been brought before the Board of Education early in 1858, that correspondence had followed, and that as a result the Rev. Dr. George Burrowes, a scholarly man of long experience in Lafayette College as professor and vice-president, in every way possessed of the highest qualifications to conduct an enterprise of that kind, had appeared on the floor of the synod with a commission in his hands from the Board of Education.

A resolution as follows was introduced into the Synod of the Pacific at that time:

"That it is deemed expedient that a Grammar School be now established under the supervision and patronage of this Synod in connection with the Old School Presbyterian Church, which we hope will be the nucleus of a College or University to be organized under the control of this Synod when the wants of the country require it and the providence of God shall seem to direct it."

This and other related resolutions were adopted with only a few dissenting votes. One of the persons opposing them was the Rev. Dr. W. C. Anderson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. Dr. Anderson went to a meeting in the interests of the College of California the evening after the synod adjourned at which time he said: "My object in coming here tonight is publicly to identify myself with this College of California. I came to this coast believing in the ecclesiastical control of colleges. At the first meeting of our synod that I attended we appointed a board of regents. We cast about to see what could be done; could do nothing. And two or three years have satisfied me that as a denomination we could do nothing—could not build a college; we might indeed make a Picayune College. . . . . I have changed my views and have come to the conclusion that the true idea for building a college in California is to unite. I have no doubt this is the basis of a successful work. I have had experience in colleges. It is impossible to found a denominational college under ecclesiastical control in this state. All the Protestant denominations must be represented. . . . .I am happy to identify myself publicly with the College of California. I promise to give it my prayers, efforts and labors."

Elected a trustee in 1858 Dr. Anderson rendered splendid service up to the time that he left Californa several years later on account of failing health. It was Dr. Anderson who as president of the board of trustees offered the prayer of dedication when on the 16th of April, 1860, a few men—among them Willey, Billings, Durant, Lacy and Rankin—stood on what is now marked as "Founders' Rock," on the grounds of the University of California, and consecrated them as a seat of learning, a blessing to the youth of the State and a center of usefulness and influence near and far.

Among the Old School Presbyterians opposing this action of the Synod of the Pacific was Mr. Frederick Billings, who had been from the beginning a trustee of the College of California. So valuable was the service rendered to the College by Mr. Billings, so serviceable and influential was he in varied ways as a pioneer, and so splendid a man of great business affairs in later years in the East that we purpose to have at an early date in The

Pacific an article devoted to him alone. Sufficient to remark here that the Synod named him as a regent for the proposed new educational institution. In a letter addressed to the synod committee Mr. Billings expressed surprise at his appointment, saying. "I am quite sure that more than one member of the synod must have known my uniform and decided opposition to any separation of the Old School Prsebyterians from the Protestant Christian denominations who have united in the great work of rearing ' a college in this state, of the highest order, consecrated to liberal and Christian learning.' "

But Dr. Scott was a leader of men, a thorough-going denominationalist. He and others, among them Albert Williams, first pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, who had returned to California from the East, were of opinion that California needed a college under Presbyterian direction. And so the word in The Pacific Expositor was: "Our flag is nailed to the mast head."

A school which came soon to be called City College was opened in 1859 by Dr. Burrowes, and this later became a department of "University College' which was incorporated in 1863. In January 1860 three years before an educational institution thus named was incorporated by the Old School Presbyterian Church, The Pacific Expositor mentioned that an endowment of twenty-five thousand dollars had been secured for the Southern Methodist College, and added: "We hope to live to chronicle the raising of four times twenty-five thousand dollars for the University of San Francisco, under the care of the Presbyterian Church." Immediately following this was an item concerning the great University in Edinburgh, Scotland, and it was asked, "Who is there in California that will endow the University of San Francisco that is to be, and will exert a hundred years hence an influence on mankind, equal if not superior to all that the glorious old University of Edinburgh has ever done." And then said Dr. Scott: "There never was since the foundation of the world a better opportunity for men of wealth to make an investment for an immortality of influence on the world than is now offered for the founding of a University in this city. Its position and its great future and the races here mingling that are to rule more than half the American continent, and full half of all the worlds embosomed in the Pacific Ocean, besides their share of all Asia—all combine to make this city the seat of a University for future ages and generations which in point of influence on mankind will rival those of any past age, from the Academy of Plato, to the Smithsonian Insttute."

The dream never was realized. The High School started by Dr. Burrowes and the City College served a useful purpose for several years; and then, long ago, lost their indentity or went wholly out of existence. When removed from the city the schools had some continuance for a time at Lytton; and, we believe also at San Mateo. In some indirect and small way they, perhaps, exist today. But the effort to found thus a great Presbyterian College or University in San Francisco had intimate relation to the College of California, the nucleus of the University of California, and therefore has had this presentation in this article on "The Relation of the Different Denominations to the College of California.

Although no other religious bodies ever had so vital a connection with the College of California as the Congregationalists and New School Presbyterians, it had friends and supporters in nearly all of them. Bishop Kip, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was a trustee for several years, and the laity in that Church had like representation and connection. Thomas Starr King, the far-famed Unitarian preacher, was a trustee for two years, and the Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins, his successor in the pulpit, rendered invaluable service in a similar capacity, Prominent Baptists lent aid also and had representation on the board of trustees. The Rev. Dr. Scott was asked to serve as a trustee soon after the College was chartered, but declined to do so.

ORDINATION PAPER.

By F. W. Morrison, Pastor of Olivet Church, Oakland.

(Mr. Frederick W. Morrison was ordained to the ministry at the meeting of the Bay Association in Olivet Church, Oakland, on the 5th of March. Believing that the biographical sketch presented at that time would be of interest to many readers of The Pacific—showing as it does, the way he was led to undertake preparation for the work which he is now to devote his life, we asked permission to print it. Along with that we give an excerpt or two from his statement of faith and the outline presented by him indicating his conception of the task of the modern church and minster.—Editor.)

It is not given to all of us to be born in a famous place, but such was my lot. I was born in Deadwood, South Dakota, a place not only noted for its wickedness but, to those of you who possessed a secret library of "Deadwood Dick" novels in your boyhood, a place of fascinaing interest. My father was here employed as a railroad engineer, but when I was but eight years old we moved to Aladdin, a little coal mining camp in north-eastern Wyoming. Until I was fourteen, with one short exception, this was my home. The move to Aladdin was a fortunate one, for here circumstances combined in such a way as to plant the seeds for the experience that brings me here today. I had at all times few and much of the time no boyhood companions. It was due to this fact that I became to a very unusal degree the companion of my mother. And as I look back upon it now it was due to the effects of this companionship that I was so easily led to the sort of a religious experience that was mine a few years later. My mother was a woman of very unusual strength of character. An earnest Christian woman, beloved by all who knew her, gifted with a beautiful voice and a splendid church organist, she was all her life active in the musical end of the church work. When we went to Aladdin there was no church or Sunday School. Through her efforts both were organized and upon her shoulders, as long as she lived, the burden of the work rested. The minister came every other Sunday and my first memory of ministers is that they were always entertained at our home, sometimes to my very great disgust and sometimes to my delight, depending upon the minister.

When I was eleven years old, my mother (and in her my most intimate companion) died. This was a blow from which it took me several years to recover. For months after her death I cried myself to sleep almost every night. I have never been able to explain her influence over me. But during my High School course, when for the first time I lived in a city alone and therefore without restraint of any kind, when the common temptations of boy life came with their mighty appeal, it was always the memory of my mother that kept me straight. Beyond that strange and wonderful influence there was not another thing to do it. I think I can honestly say that she was the only personality that powerfully influenced me, yet at that time she had been dead six years and I had been away from my boyhood home for three.

There is not much of interest in my boyhood days at Aladdin. I attended the school when there was any, part of the time three months out of the year, part of the time six, taking whatever grade it was convenient for the teacher to

put me in, in that way repeating some of the grades several times and completely omitting others. During the days of the long vacation my little bay pony and I were frequent visitors at the ranch houses within a radius of fifteen miles. When I was thirteen I became a clerk in the "general" store of the town, and those of you who have patronized such a store know what a liberal education it is to work in such a place. My salary was fifteen dollars a month. Without any expenses I soon saved sixty dollars and with this I determined to pay a visit to my older brother living at Edwall, near Spokane, Washington. I bade my father and friends good bye and came to the coast on what has proved to be rather a long visit. I was then fourteen.

For the first few months I lived with my brother and went to school. Summer came and I got a job on a farm and I worked at that all summer, plowing, helping with the hay, milking, etc. That winter I lived with a family where I worked for my board and went to school. By the unselfish assistance of my teacher who coached me, I went through both seventh and eighth grades and passed the state examinations that would admit me to High School. Another summer on the farm, this time (as several times later) in the wheat fields; and that autumn I entered high school, working my way as I did for the next three years as janitor in the school. This was in Spokane, my first experience in a city. By the middle of the winter I had become much more interested in shows, poolrooms and every other possible interest than I was in my school work. My first semester's work was not a success. Then came Billy Sunday, and with his coming a new epoch in my personal history. The first night I heard him I went home mightily moved but rebellious. The personal workers had sought to persuade me, but I would not listen to them. The next night I attended again and saw the men and women "hitting the trail." Very much interested I watched it all, but could not seem to get up courage to go myself. At last my friend, the teacher of the winter before, came to me and said the magic words: "Do it for your mother's sake." Mr. Sunday had put on his great coat and was about to leave the building when at last I went up and shook hands with him. Certainly that was a sound conversion, for it changed at least the surface currents of my whole life absolutely. That religious experience however so completely challenged my interest that school and every other thing gave way to that. I literally lived at the Tabernacle. We soon organized a large young people's society composed of young converts of the meeting and I was soon a leader in that club. After Sunday had gone this club continued its activity and conducted a sort of deputation meeting wherever it was invited to go, and not without definite evangelistic results. As president of the club, I presided at these meetings and afterward spoke, telling of my own Christian experience, believing myself a veritable brand snatched from the burning. One night we went to a little Baptist church where they were without a pastor. The following week they asked us to return, but the club having another engagement I went alone and conducted my first regular church service. Soon I repeated this experience at this little Baptist chapel and it resulted in their inviting me to become their pastor. I had, upon the close of the Sunday campaign joined the Plymouth Congregational Church, but decided to accept the call, so a few days after I had passed my eighteenth birthday I was the acting pastor of this church. Here, for a year, I preached twice on Sunday and held a midweek service. My salary was $20 a month; and so like Billy Sunday, my early Christian record is free from the charge of financial greed. All this time I continued my janitor work and school work, the latter getting what attention was left after the church and my living had been provided for.

But if I was predestined to be a minister, trials also awaited me. After a very happy year at this little church, an old family quarrel was revived. Through an unfortunate incident which one party took as a personal injury, I became the bone of contention of the quarrel, and soon we were in the midst of an investigation by a council of the eleven Baptist churches of Spokane. My friends warmly defended me while a dozen people composed of a little group of Plymouth brethren sought release from my dangerous theology and inefficient work. Through it all, I was simply amazed and deeply hurt. I could not grasp what my millennialistic friends were driving at since my only capital was abundance of earnest desire to help, and considerable courage, born, I suppose, largely of ignorance. I managed, however, to keep on neutral ground and the trial came to an end with nothing gained either way. At least I was not in disgrace, as planned by our friends, "the enemy." The Council decided to put the church and pastor under observation for thirty days. Before the thirty days had elapsed the state B. Y. P. U. convention, in session in Spokane, elected me delegate to the national convention in Saratoga Springs, New York. This largely saved me from the terrible grief which the unhappy quarrel had caused and the convention was a great experience. I returned to Spokane and was advised by the Council, "for my own good," to resign. It was an unhappy occasion when, the following Sunday, I read my resignation. For the next year and a half I did no preaching, but continued my active interest in church work, keeping my membership in the Baptist church, but during all this time my most helpful friend was my first pastor, Mr. H. E. Mills at Plymouth church. I suppose it was from him that I got my dangerous theology, but at that time all theologies looked alike to me.

But I am deeply indebted to my relation to the Baptist church for some very fine and helpful treatment at their hands. Especially am I indebted for a particular convention which I attended at Walla Walla in the early summer of 1911. There I met a young lady, a member of a local committee in preparation for the convention. Within an hour after we met we were making progress in a friendship which made it seem quite unwise for me to return with the rest of the party to Spokane. I spent that summer in the wheat fields and every Sunday—sometimes at some inconvenience, found me at the Baptist church. I returned to Spokane in the fall only to become more than ever convinced that Walla Walla was the proper place for me to live. Those of you who know Mrs. Morrison will, I am sure, agree that that summer was well spent.

At that convention I met the second of the two persons who were deeply to influence my life from that time on. The speaker on the Sunday afternoon program was Dr. R. C. Brooks, pastor of the First Congregational Church at Walla Walla. An acquaintance was begun that summer that ripened into a friendship in the fall when I returned to Walla Walla. The Baptist having no church work for me to do I turned to Dr. Brooks for help and have been finding in him all through these years what I of course found then. A week hence, through his kind interest in me, I began work as student pastor of the little Olivet Church in Walla Walla. For two years while there I was always n some way related to Dr. Brooks' work. I think I can say with truth that I came to him with an open mind and he was a ready teacher. Not only an open mind but one without any deeply rooted convictions or even very much information upon religious things. It was my privilege to gradually get my bearings, and my point of view, today,

is rather the result of gradual development than that of uprooting and transplating which so many of my fellow students have experienced.

When Dr. and Mrs. Brooks came to Berkeley, they invited me to come with them. During the first year and a half in Berekely I attended the University of California, and was employed as assistant Boys' Secretary at the Berkeley Y. M. C. A. Then I went to the First Congregational Church as an assistant. Part of the time in Walla Walla, and in Berkeley, up to the time of my marriage, my home was with Dr. and Mrs. Brooks. The debt I owe to them for the fellowship and home experience can never even be estimated, let alone paid. They have treated me as I am sure they would have treated a son, and the intimate friendship of that home and the fellowship in the work at Berkeley have done more to prepare me for the Christian ministry than any other part of my preparation. I rejoice in the fact that I am so situated that it can continue—being here at Olivet. I am also happy to say that when others (even I myself) lost all confidence in my ability to stick clear through the long hard course and come out a minister worthy the name, Dr. Brooks never lost his faith in me. I am sure that if my ministry is ever helpful in the Master's work it will be largely because of his part in its preparation.

This statement of biography and Christian experience practically includes the statement of my preaching experience. For several months at the end of my stay in Walla Walla I preached in a little Baptist church. For two summers I preached in Yosemite Valley, at the chapel on Sunday mornings and Camp Curry in the evening. I came to Olivet church from the Berkeley Y. M. C. A. where for four months I was in charge of the Boy's Department.

In the second part of his paper Mr. Morrison set forth what he considers the task of the church and minister of today, under: Education, Evangelism, Social Service, Missions, Business, Worship and Fellowship.

Under the first he said as to the Bible:

"It is my firm conviction that the Bible has so much of power and meaning in it for every one that once they get a glimpse of its beauty they will be drawn toward it. I believe in the Bible—in its constant use, in its wonderful power over the human spirit that seeks to know it. Freed from a bondage to a conception of inspiration that is impossible to our modern mind—and converted to a conception of revelation that makes its pages aglow with the presence of God, all the way from the God who led the children of Israel across the Red Sea, to the Father whom Jesus taught us to love,—is to have a new Bible. This new Bible will come, then, with the same vital power that it has so long exerted over human thinking. There is just one thing, it seems to me, that will save the Bible in our modern world, and that is a **positive**, sane use of it in our Sunday Schools and churches; and let me add, lest I be misunderstood, I do **not** believe that the message of the modern Bible can ever be made of powerful influence in the world if in our preaching and teaching we emphasize the negative aspects of modern criticism. Our message **must be positive** and ring with conviction coming out of our love and appreciation for the Book of Books."

Under "Evangelism", Mr. Morrison said:

"But when I have said what I have about the value and need for education and the fact that it takes, in a certain sense, the place of the passing evangelism of former days, I do not foget that men do not live by their heads alone. The emotions that played so large a part in the evangelist's work still play a mighty part in religious experience. We are still sinners in need of repentance. It seems to me that the awful effects of sin have never been better illustrated than in this world war. If nations refuse to be governed by God's law of love and preach and live in the light of the doctrines of hate and 'might makes right', then nations must suffer. I do **not** believe that God is meeting out upon this old world, like a cruel schoolmaster, the punishment she so much deserves for her sin, but I **do** believe that he is seeking to bring good out of evil,—that there is 'a far off divine event toward which the whole creation moves,' and that great victories in the moral world must often come at great cost. There is just as much need as ever for repentance on the part of individuals. The individual man must be made "right with God.' Sin, to our modern man, is not the violation of certain taboos, long existent in the church, but the persistent living upon a low level when a life of finer purpose is being constantly offered him. He can be made to see sin in that light. He may not be interested in a Christ who by a mercantile transaction has 'paid it all,' but he will be challenged by the Christ who won the complete victory for Himself and pointed the way for mankind. The salvation that will meet the demand of our day must be more than a ferry boat or fire insurance proposition (to use Dr. Brooks' illustration). It must be the transformation of character into Christlikeness by the power of God's love at work in the life. We are not saved by our characters. I believe we are saved by Christ, but we are not saved at all if there still remain all of self and none of Christ. Let me say here (for it can as well be related here as anywhere) that I believe in Christ as the Son of the living God, not because of how he came into, nor because of how he went out of the world,—but (to use the splendid conceptions of President King) because He lived 'the Best life,; He had 'the Best Ideals and Standards'; His was the 'Best Insight into the Laws of Life'; he had the 'Best Convictions'; 'the Best Hopes'; 'the Best Dynamic for Living'; and He brings to us 'The Best Revelation of God.' It is a long step from the Hebrew God, even at the best thinking of the Prophets, to the Father that Jesus taught us to love. I believe in the Evangelism that seeks in the light of these facts to relate men vitally to the experience of God which is possible for every one of us,—all given the right to become the "Sons of God."

THE JOY OF FORGIVENESS.

By Wm. C. Allen.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Romans 12:21.

Good to forgive:
Best to forget.
—Browning.

One of the finest instances of forgiveness I ever heard of occurred in England during the intolerant days of the seventeenth century. In the midst of a religious discussion, one of the disputants angrily struck his opponent a cruel blow on the face, mockingly exclaiming, "Take that for Jesus Christ's sake!" The injured man quietly replied, "Friend, I do take it for Jesus Christ's sake." That was all. With his Lord's precept and example, was it not enough?

An aged Christian recently died who, before his death, personally saw or wrote all living persons whom he felt that he had wronged during his long career, requesting their forgiveness. He even asked to be absolved because of long-forgotten unfair treatment of a college mate sixty years before. He had been a proud man, but craved full reconciliation with men and God before he died. Did not these acts of humility prepare him for entrance into the Eternal service of his forgiving King?

Probably many professors of the Gospel find it more difficult to acquit those who have insulted or abused them than do others. Their lives are often regulated by the light as they see it. They do not wish to compromise with evil. Their religion promotes a sense of justice, and they almost involuntarily feel that their motives or decisions are correct. They may thus, without meaning wrong, ignore the view-point of another and unintentionally assume an unjust attitude. This may be easily succeeded by inability to manifest forbearance, by the keen thrust, the sharp correspondence, the bitter word. Seed is sown that yields bad fruit. Let those who love the Prince of Peace watch and pray lest they be led into this very real temptation.

In the heat of the moment we sometimes magnify our passions and utter words that afterwards we would give very much to recall. Our unruly tongues have gotten the best of us. Our weakness, which at the time we thought to be strength, has been exposed. Our humiliation in the sight of men may be as nothing in comparison with self-condemnation. Self-justification has no place in the repentant heart. How can we get right with those whom we have wounded or with God?

There is a sovereign remedy. I think that those who know that there is quiet with Jesus understand the cure. It is not altogether found in efforts to forget the past. It is discovered in getting into touch with Christ—in going to the place of secret prayer. Those who thus seek absolution at is Source will be prepared to forgive others. When we pray for our enemies we forgive them. We comprehend why our Lord laid such emphasis upon forgiveness: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you, but if ye forgive not their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Let us never forget the magnificent possibilities and terms of remission at the fountain-head of Eternal Love!

It is hard to ask another to forgive us. Often the real aggressor in a controversy will ungraciously meet our advances, but we are clear. That should be enough. When we exercise such tests of discipleship how often cantankerous spirits are overcome by the spirit of reconciliation and love. They too forgive!

One of the delights of Christian experience is a sense of the forgiving mercies of God. How happy is the reconciled heart! What soul peace reigns! What new determination is created to more loyally serve God! If God thus pardons us for Jesus' sake, shall we not for His sake forgive others? We can carry to those who have humiliated us the same happiness that we have so freely received of God. Across the ferment and contention of the ages rings the apostolic cry, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

San Jose, Calif.

A PRAYER FOR WORLD FRIENDSHIP.

By Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Father of all nations, endue us with vision, and courage, and resource in Thee, that the crisis of the world may become the opportunity of the Kingdom. Guide our country, empower our churches, inspire and restrain ourselves and all men that righteousness may triumph. For wisdom to discern the means most profitable to abiding peace and international concord; for leaders to point the way and for multitudes to follow them, till all nations are one fraternity; we pray to Thee. Make real the brotherhood of man, O. God, and glorify our race in a fellowship of friendly peoples. O Love, crucified afresh by the sin of the world, after this Calvary, grant us, we beseech Thee, an Easter Day and a triumphant Christ. Amen.

A CALIFORNIAN'S YEAR IN GEORGIA.

C. N. Queen.

A year's residence in Georgia calls for a short letter to The Pacific. Being the venture of faith, twelve months' experience with this Mountain White Church and College here at Demorest, gives a foretaste of possibilities. We love our people and the work. The climate here has the "weather" brand, and we love California better. The people about here are inlaid with self-satisfaction, whether it be ignorance, superstition, or "hook worm." Religion leaves and flowers in every valley and cove, bearing little fruit. As rain makes no impression upon the back of a drake, so missionary ventures do not seriously disturb the grey matter of these "crackers." Because of this and other things beside, Congregationalism will have to root a-plenty before it takes abiding anchorage and may be found "rooted and grounded" in the consciousness of the natives. So while you may expect a-plenty, you must not demand too much.

Piedmont College is a great success. The growth of the institution has been beyond its ability to house, supply, and foot its bills. So there has been the howl for rooms, the cry for bread and the lament for money to pay its bills. Since the "dorm" method obtains, three buildings had to be rented in the beginning of the college year to house about fifty boys who crowded for a bit of knowledge. The commons feeds about three hundred each meal which exacts a surprising toll upon the corn crib and the potato bin. Additions, changes, repairs, et al., upon the various buildings which number about twenty with the salary of between forty and fifty teachers and others, has tested the financial integrity of the institution as well as the patience and courage of President Jenkins. While such experiences peril the life of the College, yet it must live because it has lived, and has put forward such a program of excellence that the Churches in the beyond of the east, west and north, will not suffer it to do anything else. Often the cry is, "How can we pull through?" But it is no more wonderful that Piedmont shall pull through than that Piedmont has pulled through.

In the State of Georgia there are 69 white churches of our order. In these churches there are 3,820 communicant members, 4,460 members of the Sunday schools. This notation indicates that the churches are usually small, and so they are. Only nine of these churches have over a hundred registered members; and but two of them have over two hundred members. A number of these churches are linked together in a circuit, one minister serving in several instances as many as four. They are not of the New England, Western Reserve, or California type. The people are not Congregationalists to the manor born; and the ministers are not usually over-trained men. They are good men, zealous for the gospel, but not experts in the craft of the Pilgrims. They are lovers of freedom and jealous of liberty, but you can't crowd them. If not softly, they tread slowly, and allow the "jedgment" to take care of itself. So, "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

May I leave a request with our California brethren? This it is: Pray for Georgia and for Piedmont College; perhaps God will hear.

To serve God is man's natural work, and therefore it produces light and joy; for it springs spontaneously from a heart full of love toward the Creator. Anything that brings our spirit or body under bondage is not of God. God is glorified by the joyous service of free moral beings only, not by the service of fearful, bonded slaves.—Harold Soderquist.

IN FAIR HAWAII.

Recognition Services, Central Union Church, Honolulu.

An affair of tremendous significance, both for the local church and the Kingdom of God in Hawaii, took place at the Central Union Church at Honolulu on March 6. "Recognition Services" were held on that day for the Rev. A. W. Palmer. In the afternoon a large gathering of delegates assembled to listen to the "statement" of the pastor, regarding his preparation for the ministry, his experience, and his faith. It was a most luminous and instructive document that Mr. Palmer read. It was the statement of a broad-minded, wide-sighted man. It was clearly to be seen that in Mr. Palmer Central Union Church has secured a man who demonstrates that conspicuous intellectual ability may be combined with intense evangelical fervor. At the close the council urged that the trustees of the church have the statement printed in pamphlet form and distributed amongst the churches. In the evening there was a public meeting, at which assembled the largest congregation seen in many years at a mid-week service. The Scripture was read by the Rev. L. L. Loofbourow, pastor of the Methodist church. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Geo. Laughton of Hilo, who took as his subject, "The Unveiled God." The prayer was offered by one of Hawaii's grand old men—Rev. O. H. Gulick, who has seen sixty years of service for the Master. The charge to the people was delivered by the Rev. D. C. Peters, pastor of the Christian Church. Then followed a unique feature. Rev. William Kanian, representing the Hawaiians, Rev. Tse Kei Yuen for the Chinese, Rev. A. V. Soares for the Portuguese, Rev. U. Okumura for the Japanese, Rev. Simon Ygloria for the Filipinos, brought greetings from the churches they represented. Each spoke in his own language, and each spoke with tremendous power. The charge to the minister was given by the Rev. J. H. Williams, whose assistant, Mr. Palmer, was at Redlands when he entered the ministry. The right hand of fellowship was given by the Rev. Henry P. Judd, who was Mr. Palmer's classmate at the Yale Divinity School.

Mr. Palmer has begun his ministry under very advantageous circumstances. The congregations, morning and evening, crowd the building. A specially noticeable feature is the large number of men present at the evening service. Central Union Church is now a bee-hive of industry, and it is reasonable to believe that under the guidance of Mr. Palmer this noble church will enter upon an era of great prosperity and service.

The Church at Hilo.

On Saturday, March 2, the First Foreign Church at Hilo began a series of services commemorative of the fiftieth year of its existence. A large crowd, the largest ever assembled at a religious service in this city, sat down to a banquet. The Rev. Geo. Laughton read the history of the church, showing how from a lowly beginning there has risen an institution of great prestige and influence in the community. Its history has been a series of triumphs. The Portuguese, Japanese and Chinese churches were all begun by the members of the First Foreign church. The money expended for local benevolences has reached, on an average, the sum of five thousand dollars a year. During the present pastorate a new social hall has been built, the church building has been repaired and enlarged, and a new parsonage purchased. The books show that last year more money was raised for local church expenses and benevolences that in any previous year. At this service a letter was read from the man who first served the church as pastor—the Rev. Frank Thompson, now living at Ansonia, Connecticut. A loving cup was presented to the only living charter member—Mrs. E. G. Hitchcock. Greetings were brought from delegates who came from various parts of the Territory, and letters were read from living ex-pastors. On Sunday the church building was crowded at the morning service, at which the pastor spoke on "The Vision of Things Yet to Be." In the evening there was a union meeting, at which the pastors from other churches brought their greetings. The present pastor has served the church for nearly five years. He expects to pay a visit to San Francisco in the near future. G. L.

SOME OF THE WORK GOING ON IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT PARADISE.

..During the past two months the mid-week services of the Paradise Church have been given up to the study of the relation of Religion to Health. As a result of this work, there has been a gratifying increase in the attendance, which has kept up right through the stormy weather.

The most recent development in connection with this work was the formation on Wednesday afternoon last of a service auxiliary for the purpose of spreading our message. The new organization is called "The Pass-It-On Fellowship." Our study of the relation of religion to health has shown that the same conception of faith which produces results in regard to the physical well-being also is the foundation of our wider gospel. Therefore, while said Fellowship exists partly for the purpose of passing on the distinctive message of our Religon and Health Class, it is not confining its activity to the one phase of religious experience, as a perusal of the following outline of principles which was adopted by the Fellowship will show.

"The Pass-It-On Fellowship.

Our Faith: We believe in the Omnipotence of Love as interpreted in the life, teaching and spirit of Jesus.

Our Idea: To pass on all of the good things which come our way; faith, hope, and love; the truth we perceive, and the kindnesses we receive, health and happiness; and any message from God, no matter what its source.

Our Method: We seek to give publicity to the Truth through Traveling Tracts, and whatever other means may prove useful in accomplishing that purpose.

Our Motto: "The only effective way to influence a spiritual being is through his ideals." (Quotation from Wm. Adams Brown.)

The Scope of the Movement: We seek to make religion a living force,
In conquering disease and giving health and strength;
In bringing men to a knowledge of their sonship to God;
In preparing the way for the World State;
In establishing a social order based upon Brotherhood; and through Jesus.

Our Membership: We desire workers, not members. Co-operation in our publicity work constitutes membership.
..Our Task:..(The following poem was taken from the cover of one of the recent numbers of The Pacific.)

"When the whole world resounds with rude alarms
Of warring arms,
When God's good earth from border unto border.
Shows man's disorder,
Let me not waste my dower of mortal might
In grieving over wrongs I cannot right.
This is my task: Amid discordant strife
To keep a clean, sweet center in my life.
And though the human orchestra may be
Playing out of key,
To tune my soul to symphonies above

And sound the note of love,
This is my task."

Note: The Traveling Tracts are little booklets made up of articles, poems, editorials, etc., cut from magazines or papers. Thus they are put into shape to pass along. Each one who receives one is requested not to keep it, and not to destroy it, but either to return to the Fellowship or pass on to another. The Tracts are also used in passing on sermons of the pastor which are cut from the local paper, and for the outlines of the Religion and Health studies.

A STIMULATING STORY OF CHURCH WORK AT TIPTON.

Perhaps few churches in the State have suffered from the lack of co-operation and religious effort as has Tipton. Until about two years ago, no permanent pastor occupied the field and consequently the work was never developed with the natural result—indifference. A splendid organization work was performed by Rev. LaRue C. Watson, and by the present pastor, Rev. C. H. Jackson, who was called there about eight months ago, gratifying work is being carried on. Morning and evening services have been instituted which are attended by large and appreciative congregatons. The Sunday School has been re-organized with the pastor as Superintendent who has specialized in work among young people. The Tercentenary Program has been introduced in the school and is being enthusiastically followed by the fifty or more members. A Junior Endeavor has been oranized under the superintendency of the pastor's wife, with a present membership of thirty, and in order to cope with the unusual circumstances of the community the pastor has been compelled to surrender his office building which has been specially re-modelled to meet the special needs of the junior church, and their services are held simultaneously with the morning service in the church. Already the building is too small for the work and the church has become cognizant of the fact of the need of larger premises. The juniors have now added the efficiency chart and are enthusiastic in their vision for a 100 p. c. organization.

With the rapid, yet natural growth of the surrounding community, the church has caught the vision for a larger and more up-to-date plant which will soon become an absolute necessity in order to cope with the situation.

The church has opened a "Testament Fund" to supply the local 21 boys now in national service with a Testament to include in his kit, and the sum of $14 was subscribed the day the appeal was made from the pulpit. The Sunday following, an American orphan was adopted for one year at an expense of $60, and the sum of $40 was subscribed within five minutes and paid when the object was presented.

For the past six months the pastor has been conducting a modern health crusade in two of the community's grammar schools, and durin the series of illustrated lectures on personal hygiene and physiology, over 100 pupils have acquired daily health habits and have laid the foundation for a moral and physical standard of which the community is pardonably proud.

In religious work, Tipton has been a mere by-word in the past, but it is now fast throwing off the layers of materiality and the church is discovering itself to be a necessary adjunct in the upbuilding of the community both morally and spiritually.

To be everywhere and everything in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue and to dwell with happiness? —R. L. Stevenson.

POMONA.

The Pastor of Pilgrim Church, Rev. William Orr Wark, was given leave of absence for four weeks of Y. M. C. A. service at Camp Kearny, beginning with the first Sunday in March. On the evening of the second Sunday a long-distance message was received from him asking for six months' leave of absence that he might serve the Y. M. C. A. n France. He came home on Monday, the 11th, spent Tuesday in hurried preparation for the trip and on Wednesday left for New York, expecting to sail about the 20th. On Tuesday evening a goodby service was held in the large auditorium of Pilgrim Church, at which time Mr. Wark told more in detail the story of his call to France and of his conviction that it was a call that should be immediately heeded. At the close of an unusually tender service there was presented to him a handsome wrist watch as a parting gift from the church.

A call has been extended to Rev. Arthur O. Pritchard, of Scarsdale, New York, to supply the pulpit of Pilgrim Church for six weeks and possibly for the entire term of Mr. Wark's absence. Mr. Pritchard has sent his acceptance, and will begin his work on the first Sunday in April.

Unusual interest has centered on the evening services at Pilgrim Church of late. On March 3rd an address was given by Ben Scovel on "Dodging Shrapnel in France." March 10th, Dr. George F. Kenngott spoke on "Making Democracy Safe for the world, or Why I Stand with America Against Germany." March 17th Madame Arabella Angelini, the representative in the United States of the Waldensian Church of Italy, gave a stirring address on "The Work of the Waldensian Church and Italy's Part in the War."

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES OF THE BAY ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting of the Bay Association held March fifth, with Olivet and Plymouth Churches, Oakland, the following officers and committees were elected for the ensuing year:

Moderator, Rev. E. Morgan Isaac.

Assistant Moderator, Rev. Walter Frear, D.D.

Registrar, Rev. F. A. Bissell.

Scribe, Rev. F. W. Morrison.

Business Committee: Rev's E. Clarence Oakley, Chas. L. Kloss, Chas. S. Price, E. Morgan Isaac, F. A. Bissell.

Credentials Committee: Revs. E. F. Clarke, C. L. Mears, L. D. Rathbone, A. B. Snider, and Deacon I. H. Morse.

Approbation to Preach Committee: 1921 class, Revs. C. L. Mears, R. B. Larkin; in 1919 class, Rev. B. H. Stauffer in place of Rev. S. C. Patterson. (E. C. Oakley being the other member of that class.) 1920 class, Revs. R. C. Brooks, G. F. Tolson.

Missionary Committee: Revs. F. J. Van Horn, H. T. Kelsey, R. B. Larkin, Mrs. E. A. Evans, Mrs. F. B. Perkins.

Prudential Committee, East Side:

1921 Class: Revs. F. J. Van Horn, C. L. Kloss, R. C. Brooks.

1920 Class: Revs. C. L. Mears, Arthur Arlett, Griffith Griffiths.

1919 Class: Messrs. E. F. Leiter, E. G. Hall, F. M. Gardiner.

West Side:

1921 Class: Rev. B. H. Stauffer, Mr. Jackson, Mr. F. W. Finch.

1919 Class: A. H. Morse, G. C. Boardman, C. H. Ham.

1920 Class: Rev. J. A. Cull, M. Marcus, C. H. Huntoon.

Nominating Committee: Revs. F. A. Bissell, Dr. Frear, Dr. C. S. Nash, B. H. Stauffer, Prof. C. H. Ham.

There are many kinds of "memory methods," but no one has ever invented a scheme which will help a man forget.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Mr. Minkler has been commissioned as a chaplain in the army and has been assigned to Camp Fremont.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco, the time will be devoted to reports concerning Easter services.

The Rev. Byron H. Preston of Palo Alto is planning to go to France in a few weeks where he will engage in coordinated Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. work.

The Rev. T. T. Giffen, pastor at Fresno, has been granted leave of absence for six months and has gone to San Diego where he will be associated with the Rev. Roy Campbell in the army Y. M. C. A. work.

The Rev. George H. DeKay left on Tuesday for New York City where he will take departure at an early date for Y. M. C. A. work in France. Mrs. DeKay accompanies him as far as New York. Their route takes them through Dayton, Ohio, where they will have a brief visit with their son George, who is at the aviation station near that city.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers are in California again. They are to sing at the W. B. M. P. and Home Missionary Union meetings in Southern California on the 9th of April. After the 23rd they will be in Northern California. Churches wishing to make engagements should address their agent, Mr. Clark, at Federal Hotel, San Francisco.

Y. P. S. C. E. IN BETHANY CHURCH.

How could there have been a more fitting observance of Palm Sunday than, remembering those Jewish children in the temple crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David" (Matt. 21:15), a public meeting of the Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society! This was the method chosen at Bethany Church in this city, last Sunday.

Time was when Bethany had three such societies: the Senior, which was the second C. E. Society organized in California; the Intermediate, which was the first of this sort in California, and one of the first anywhere. The third was, of course, the Junior.

Somehow it came to pass that all of these died. There came at length a pastor, believed to be expert in reaching young people, and a C. E. Society was organized with an appearance of no little life. It, however, flickered for a while and died. Another pastor came and insisted that we must have a C. E. Society and one was started. It lived three weeks and died.

At length, God sent us our present pastor, and he, in turn, suggested that the first duty of the church was to bring into being a C. E. Society. He was allowed to try it, and after an earnest announcement one Sunday morning that a beginning would be made on that evening he was cheered (?) by the presence of one person. On the second Sabbath he announced that there had been a gain of 100 per cent, for two came. There was for a while a gradual growth, mainly by the incoming of young people of from 40 to 80 years old. At length the growth had become such that a dictum was issued that this was to be an Intermediate Society, and that it was to consist only of persons under twenty years of age, and not till then was the Society duly organized. God breathed into it the breath of life, and last Sunday evening's service was just a meeting of that society held on the pulpit platform enlarged. I have never seen the equal of it. It was not a show—but a sincere and simple service, conducted after usual C. E. methods in the presence of an audience much larger than the average of several years preceding one month ago. The subject for the evening was "Perseverance," and the whole conduct of the meeting gathered in a really wonderful unity round that theme. It was followed by an address to them by our pastor, which the audience was permitted and enabled to hear on that same theme under a new name—an address full of vivid illustration and earnest exhortation, lighted up with genuine and appropriate humor —good for young people of any age less than 100.

It is to the perserverance of our pastor and his true helpmeet that our church has a C. E. Society, which more than any other human instrumentality has contributed to the renewed and increasing vitality of Bethany.

W. C. P.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Whitman College, Walla Walla, has been recognized by the war department as a military college, and a reserve officers' training corps has been organized. Captain T. B. Steele, U. S. A. retired, has been named by the department as professor of military tactics at the college Whitman is one of the few privately endowed colleges in the United States designated by the war dpartment for reserve officers' corps. The military course at Whitman has been established as a permanent feature, and will be continued after the war is over. President Penrose, speakin on this subject said: "The war has depleted the number of students in the colleges, but after it is over I believe there will be a rush for the colleges, and there will be crowds seeking a higher education.

"There should be a vigorous drive to have all high school boys attend college when they complete the public school course. There is going to be a demand for officers, and chosen. It would be a patriotic campaign to urge the high it is from the educated young men these officers will be school boys to prepare themselves by college work to become officers of the future."

Word has come that Dr. Thomas H. Harper is to be at Liverpool, England, for three months, during war Y. M. C.A. work.

Mrs. Ida Vose Woodberry, of the A. M., A. has spoken in Pilgrim, Westminster, and other churches this week with great acceptance. She deserves a place among the great orators of the country.

Six great Congregational Conference, on Reconstruction and World Democracy soon coming. They will be in connection with the Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho Association at Spokane, April 1-2, Walla Walla Association at Dayton, April 3-4; Yakima Association at Natches, April 5-6, to be followed at Everett, Seattle and Tacoma. The national speakers will be Dr. C. H. Patton, Boston, Secretary of American Board; Dr. W. W. Scudder, Boston Associate Secretary, National Council.

Rev. H. A. Luckenback, assisted Rev. J. L. Rollins, in a series of meetings at Westlake, Idaho which led to twelve additions to the church. Revs. Luckenback, Worthington and Edwards, assisted Rev. J. Morgan Lewis, of Almira, in a series of meetings which were appreciated by the people. The church is in splendid condition and the ministry of the pastor highly prized.

The Editor's article on "The Indebtedness of the University of California to Pioneer Ministers," in last issue of The Pacific is great as well as deserving. The article of last week and the those to follow should be printed in pamphlet form, if not in a more permanent form. The names and deeds of the heroic pioneers, the men of vision, should be perpeuated.

J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Washington, March 22, 1918.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

Wednesday mornng's lesson was on "The Master's Endurance" in Fosdick's studies of "The Manhood of the Master."

"Jesus' courageous patience with undesirable situations and with the necessity of suffering sprang from his absolute trust in the good purpose of God. No character is ultimatly tested until it has suffered. It is a great deal easier to use our talents well than to use our troubles well, to achieve when we are prosperous than to be patient when we are in adversity. Are you so deeply grounded in the faith of the Master that you can stand unshaken in the day of storm?"

After having spent a time amid the problems of this present crisis it is with a sense of relief that we turn to the contemplation of the perfect life. What new meanings are read into those last days of the Master, when organized might flourished exceedingly, seemingly able to crush out the light of truth. Will not the whole world at this Easter season realize anew that only through sacrifice comes fulfillment, and every mother's heart rejoice, if her son is called upon to enter this, the deepest experience of the Master.

* * * * *

The ladies of Mission Church, in San Francisco have been conducting a study class, using for a text book "The Old and New in Micronesia." The reason for this selection of subject has its personal interest. It was during the pastorate of the Rev. W. C. Day in Sonoma that Miss Louise Wilson made her decision to follow the Master. So faithfully did she hold to her ideal that not so great a while afterward her life was dedicated to foreign mission work. Her field was these islands of the sea to which she gave many years of the most faithful service serving under the W. B. M. P. Ill health compelled her to give up her work at Kusaie since when she has lived in Berkeley.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Day are now living in San Francisco they have identified themselves with Mission church, and it was most natural that interest in the work in Micronesia should be revived through this channel. Miss Wilson has been able to add greatly to the interest of the study by her knowledge of the work and has testified most convincingly to the power of the Gospel message to change the hearts and lives of the natives.

* * * * * *

"The Goodly Fellowship" by Rachel Schauffler. $1.35.

A thrilling story with the scene laid in Persia where a rich society girl of New York through a series of misadventures finds herself indebted to a group of missionaries for her very life but also confined to their society for the winter months. Dismayed at this prospect, she at first views the activities and personnel of the mission with a sceptical and critical eye but is driven to help in the work by sheer ennui, after which her conversion to missions is a foregone conclusion. The character studies of the different members of the mission are well worked out, presenting an infinite variety of personalities, but all alke devoted to the cause. A capital book to put in the hands of young people or any one "not interested in missions." Recent war history makes the setting unusually interesting.

* * * * *

Letter From Bertha Allen.

Upper Bridge, "Somewhere in Fukien Province," January 10, 1918.

Dear All at Home:

Last night I started up the Minn River in a tiny boat, pecting to change onto a launch at midnight and reach Kucheng tomorrow night. I am going up there to help examine the three girls who have been studying kindergarten with Miss Jacob and Miss Fagg, in name our first U. K. T. S. graduates. But after all our sleeping on the hard boards with one eye open to be ready to change over at a minute's notice, we discovered at daylight that something was the matter with the launch's running power, so here I am waiting until tonight when "they say" it will start. It is very pleasant for me that I know the pastor up here so I have begged a corner of his Chinese house to "hit words" in. The Kucheng messenger and I are going to make the most of this extra day, he to watch my baskets over in a rice shop while I have a long-wished-for chat with you.

But I didn't start out to tell you about this interesting trip which I am in the middle of, but about our Foochow Kindergarten Christmas.

I wish you could all have been there, but you would have had to stand on the edge for we had to press some low benches into service along with the little kindergarten chairs in order to seat all the one hundred and twenty little folks around the outdoor Christmas tree. Such fun it was getting ready for that pretty tree! We had two meetings of the teachers around Mrs. Christian's tea table, where we planned the celebration and the children's work leading up to it. We tried to have the children plan for others and forget that they might have a little gift on the tree, too. I suppose they didn't forget it, but they entered with all their busy little fingers into making chains, baskets of wooden mats, pictures and dogs and ducks with movable anatomy.

Our three American Board Kindergartens in Foochow City joined for the great event, Manchu, Watergate and David Memorial. We had gifts from lovely Christmas boxes for many of the children, but I had the fun of going shopping for thirty rubber balls, thirty handkerchiefs and forty tiny celluloid dolls which could "take a bath!" In going from shop to shop along the street, talking price as you have to do out here, the men were very much interested in the plan and I would hear people in the group which always gathered, asking why I wanted so many dolls etc. and usually the most unexpected individuals would volunteer the information that it was for Christmas.

Next came the job of fitting these dolls with tiny Chinese coats and trousers. The Chinese teachers helped, too, and we had a regular sewing bee. On Monday morning, the day before Christmas, we all gathered to deck the tree which had been brought from Kuliang and placed out on the fine new Jean Brown playground. The children's names were pinned on all the gifts, the children's chains and decorations were draped around the tree and playground walls and all was ready for the afternoon. During this process, it was all the gateman could do to keep the door shut on the eager little neighbors!

By two o'clock the three kindergarten processions had arrived, and what a jolly sight it was to see the large circle of chairs fill up with these happy Chinese babies! The audience, too, was ready for a good time, all except one poor little fellow who had to be sent home with his mother because he was in the most dangerous stage of smallpox!

But a picture postal, a handful of peanuts and a tangerine helped overcome his tears.

The children were so interested in what was going on around them and in the tree that at first they forgot to sing. But they soon began to realize that it was just a larger kindergarten circle and they sang, listened to the Christmas talk and played their favorite games as though they were in their own rooms. They played "I put my right hand in," "Going to Jerusalem," and some of the other games that the children at home in America like to play.

Then came the Christmas tree. The teachers distributed the little gifts, dolls, hair ribbons, balls and handkerchiefs while Mrs. Christian and I tried hard to make a tangerine and a handful of peanuts repose on the hilly little laps. Only one fat little hooded girl told me a Chinese thank-you, the others were two busy for that! They were a happy group as they sat there cracking peanuts with their fond mothers hovering over them and the youthful part of the audience trying to be in two places at once so they could get two helpings of peanuts. We also gave out picture postals with paper pasted on the back on which some of the Foochow College boys had written Scripture verses.

The whole afternoon was a glorious Christmas party which every one of you would have enjoyed as much as I did. I wish the photographs could show the colors!

After the children had gone, we had our own Mission Christmas tree up at the Newell's new house, with an interesting program by the five compound children, including a real Santa who popped out of the fire place at just the proper moment. Each one in the Mission had contributed one gift, then we had the fun of drawing. Next we had a Grand March outdoors, each carrying a lighted bamboo torch to the homes where we were invited to our Christmas Eve dinner. It was a jolly evening.

Christmas day was another happy day, with its package arriving from home just as I sat down to breakfast, a Sunday School celebration in the City in the morning and our own Geu Cio Dong "White Gifts" exercises in the afternoon. In the evening we had an informal little home dinner with Miss Ruth Paxson and Edith Davis (Y. W. C. A.) who had been in the Buchman group of workers from Shanghai who had been holding meetings in Foochow, as our delightful guests. All together it was one of the very happiest Christmases I have ever had.

As I sat here in the pastor's house writing this, the children began to gather around to see what all this racket was. Then the Bible woman came in and asked me to come out and visit her little kindergarten, which invitation I gladly accepted. She knows nothing whatever about a kindergarten but had a circle of fourteen children whom she has gathered because the pastor is not going to let Foochow get ahead of him. The children chanted a greeting to me and then the woman had them answer quite a number of Bible questions which they knew thoroughly. Then, to my astonishment, she turned the whole group over to me and asked me to teach them the rest of the morning. So now I can say I have taught my first Chinese kindergarten. But it was a mighty poor effort, I can tell you, for the little language I did know didn't seem to fit what I wanted to say and the few words I needed most, oh, where had they fled?

Luckily the tiniest boy happened to have a ball which we talked about a little, then played with, partly from their suggestions and partly new games which I thought they would enjoy. This went well, but it didn't last forever and the woman announced that they had no paper nor material of any kind, no blocks nor anything, so would I please keep on teaching them anything I wanted to. We stood and went through various follow-the-leader motions, marched out onto a path near and counted all the things we could see, marched back on tip-toe, which struck their fancy as being new, guessed things held behind us by feeling, then I showed them the picture of the Foochow children's Christmas and we talked about that. Next we tested our ears by my watch ticking, told what we had seen on the way to kindergarten and sang a good-bye song as it was twelve o'clock. They are darling children, but it just made me realize more than ever what a lot I have to learn. The Bible woman insisted on taking me to her house and presenting me with two hen's eggs which she slipped into my coat pockets. Life here is full of interest, but paper is already over full.

For The Children.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS.

Little Miss Nothing-to-do
Is fretful and cross and so blue;
  And the light in her eyes
  Is all dim when she cries,
And her friends they are few, O, so few!
  And her dolls, they are nothing but sawdust and clothes,
  Whenever she wants to go skating it snows,
And everything criss-cross—the world is askew,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
  Now true,
  Would you?

Little Miss Busy-all-day
Is cheerful and happy and gay,
  She isn't a shirk
  For she smiles at her work,
And romps when it comes time for play,
  Her dolls, they are princesses, blue-eyed, and fair,
  She makes them a throne from a rickety chair,
And everything happens the jolliest way,
I'd sooner be Little Miss Busy-all-day,
  And stay
As happy as she is, at work or at play,
  I say.

—J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

Johnny always knew which was the right road! It was the one he didn't like, the one that led to school.

Every morning since he could remember—except the Saturdays and Sundays, of course—he had come along the lane which led from his own back door, to where two roads ran away from each other, just like a big fork with two prongs. One, the narrow one, led down to the schoolhouse, and how well he knew it! The other,—ah! he had never had a chance to walk down it. It was much nicer looking than the school road. The school road was hard and smooth. Johnny heard people with automobiles call it a beautiful road. But he preferred the other, over which nice, soft green grass grew, on the sides of which flowers bloomed

Well, one morning Johnny was a little late for school, so it came about that he walked up the lane alone. When he came to the two roads, he stopped. The wrong road looked so very nice. The grass was green, the flowers were pretty, butterflies were flittting from blossom to blossom, bees were humming and buzzing after the butterflies, a grasshopper was having such a good time, and Johnny wished there were no other road, and no school, and—well,

he even wished there were no teacher.

He put out one little foot, the wrong way!

Then he put out the other little foot, also the wrong way. Only two steps, and there he was on the wrong road!

Johnny drew a deep breath. It was terrifying, but it was delightful, too. He went on and on. Now he would stop to gather a flower. Again, he would be tempted to chase a blue butterfly. And flower and butterfly alike led him farther and farther away from the right road, the road to school, and from doing what his mother certainly thought he was doing.

Presently, his foot stuck in a deep, deep hole, made by a cow's hoof. He had hard work in pulling it up. The next moment the other foot was hard and fast in another hole! And then he saw that all the road was mund,—black mud and nothing else. Before he had floundered along much farther he had both feet fast in the black, soft mud.

But Johnny was a brave little boy. He stood still for a minute, shutting his eyes very fast and then opening them, and wondered what he could do. And then he knew, and did it!

He turned right round and began to go back the way he had come. It was hard work. His feet stuck fast in the mud, and he had, at the last, to leave one shoe behind him!

On and on Johnny struggled. At last he came to where the two roads forked, and once more the choice was his to make.

He would go on to school. Mother would be sorry enough to see him looking as he looked without being shocked by seeing him come home in the middle of the morning.

But was anything harder than going into school? Everyone looks at you, when you're late, even if you have both shoes.

However, teacher was better than he felt he deserved. She did not say much, and she spent recess in tidying him up. More than that, when he told her the truth, she sent a big boy after the missing shoe. So, after all, mother didn't have to be so terribly shocked!

But it was a great comfort to tell her all about it. He wished he had told her how he wanted to see the wrong road, for then she would have told him that it led to the pigsty.

And Johnny learned two things that morning. First, that it is better to keep to the right road, for the wrong one may take you to a pigsty. Secondly, that, if you find yourself on the wrong road, the quicker you turn right back, the better. —Frances Harmer, in Sunday School Times.

THE RAINDROP AND THE SEA.

A tiny raindrop falling through the air,
  Came down upon the bosom of the sea;
It laughed and sparkled in the shining sun,
  And kissed the little wavelets tenderly.

"Come now," the silvered sea said, rather cross,
  "What do you mean by tumbling down this way?
'Tis very rude of you—a stranger, too—
  To be so very boisterous in your play!"

"Why, mother," then the raindrop made reply,
  "How can you be so cross? You surely know
I am your little son, who laughed and played
  About you, such a little time ago.

"Until, one day, our Father Sun looked down,
  And called me to his arms with many a smile.
Then, stooping down, he drew me up to him,
  And held me close, and kissed me all the while.

"And then, with all my brothers in the clouds
  I played, until I thought of you, and wept;
So I have come again." The Old Sea smiled,
  Then kissed and hushed the raindrop till he slept.

—Stephen Southwold.

Most men are sorry not because they have sinned, but because of the result of their sin.

MILLS COLLEGE

The Woman's College of the Pacific Coast.

Liberal Arts and Sciences.
Domestic Arts and Science.
Campus of 139 acres.

Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Ph. D.

President

MILLS COLLEGE, Oakland, California.

Kindergarten Normal School

State Accredited List.

Miss Barnard's Kindergarten Normal School is now in its permanent home at

2748 ASHBY AVE., BERKELEY.

Address:
Miss Grace Everett Barnard,
Berkeley, Cal.

Pomona College

JAMES A. BLAISDELL, President.
EDWIN C. NORTON, Dean.

Pomona College is a co-educational institution located in Southern California among the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains in the orange-growing belt thirty-five miles from Los Angeles, with direct steam and electric connection with that city. The College offers the degree of Bachelor of Arts and puts at the service of students a peculiarity inspiring environment, the co-operation of a large faculty and the use of ample facilities.

For literature and information address Professor H. E. Robbins, Claremont, Cal.

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

BERKELEY

Seat of the University of California.

Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low.

Address PRESIDENT, C. S. Nash, D.D.